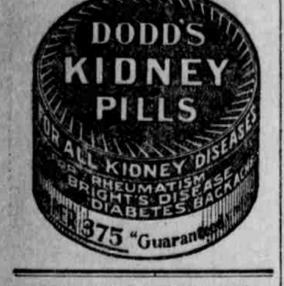


Featured by the Philadelphia Record. The household of today would almost welcome women at the polls, even if she has no political leaning that way, if such a situation could bring about the reform listed in an incident taken from the Philadelphia Record.

The woman suffragist was addressing the Coles and Chamberlains' Union. "You women should all have a vote!" she exclaimed.

"Wouldn't we have to live in one place for three months?" asked a seeker for information.

It was not until then that the agitator fully realized with what she had to contend.



Change in Cotton Growing.
Flat cultivation of cotton, as introduced by the Arkansas experiment station, is finding favor with the lint growers of that state over the old method of hill tillage, the advantage being in the saving of labor and economy of seed, and, it is declared, a better yield.

Under old practice, says Southwest Magazine, the soil was thrown up in a furrow and the seed sown continuously in a drill. Later the plants were thinned to a single stand by hoeing the entire surface of the cotton row and cutting away nineteen of every twenty stalks.

Flat cultivation consists of thoroughly preparing the seed bed and planting the cotton in checks eighteen to twenty-four inches apart in a drill, to enable cultivation in both directions, a method that will naturally lessen the work of the chopper and save a greater part of the seed.

His Idea.
Mrs. Joe Kerr—I see the London Ladies' World has discovered that successful people are usually quite devoid of humor.

Mr. Joe Kerr—How idiotic! Why, a person who is devoid of humor can't possibly be a success!—Yonkers Statesman.

Reasonable Invention.
"What do you call that queer looking arrangement?"
"That's what we call the 'housekeeper's friend.' It's a family ice box, capable of being converted at a moment's notice into a coal bin."

FITS. In this disease and all forms of nervous debility, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the only remedy that will cure. It is a family ice box, capable of being converted at a moment's notice into a coal bin.

Leave Her Alone, That's All.
"It's strange that some women want" Col. J. C. Greenman, humane agent, said yesterday afternoon, to a Kansas City Star man. "Did you ever notice that most women who come to my office to complain that their husbands have left them merely want those husbands to 'let them alone'?"

Just about that time a woman walked into the office. She was accompanied by several children.

"Is this Col. Greenman?" she asked.

"Well, my husband has left me," she said. "Of course, I don't mind that, because he never was any good. All I want is for him to stay away from me. I can make a living for myself."

"But, madam, if he's left you what?"
"And he never bought anything for the children. He spends all his money for whisky. But all I want is for him to—"
"Why are you complaining if he has left you?"
"I don't mind he'll come back. I don't want him to stay away, then."
"Well, he'd better not. If he does I'll get out a warrant for him charging him with wife desertion. Yes, sir, that's what I'll do."
"But I thought that you—"
"All I want is for that man to leave me alone."

The colonel took the woman's name and address. He promised to investigate.

MEAT OR CEREALS.
A Question of Interest to All Careful Persons.

Arguments on food are interesting. Many persons adopt a vegetarian diet on the ground that they do not like to feel that life has been taken to feed them, nor do they fancy the thought of eating dead meat.

On the other hand, too great consumption of partly cooked, starchy oats and wheat or white bread, pastry, etc., produces serious bowel troubles, because the bowel digestive organs (where starch is digested), are overtaxed and the food ferments, producing gas, and microbes generate in the decayed food, frequently bringing on peritonitis and appendicitis.

Starchy food is absolutely essential to the human body. Its best form is shown in the food "Grape-Nuts," where the starch is changed into a form of sugar during the process of its manufacture. In this way, the required food is presented to the system in a predigested form and is immediately made into blood and tissue, without taxing the digestive organs.

A remarkable result in nourishment is obtained; the person using Grape-Nuts gains quickly in physical and mental strength. Why in mental? Because the food contains delicate particles of Phosphate of Potash obtained from the grains, and this unites with the albumen of all food and the combination is what nature uses to rebuild worn-out cells in the brain. This is a scientific fact that can be easily proven by ten days' use of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in page.

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)
Next day, about lunch time, the countess, her children and attendants, arrived, with much clatter and impudence. She, by accident, of course, was just coming down the stairs as Lady Daleswater was ascending them.

There was a mutual start, and then a cordial greeting. She was looking wonderfully pretty in her long sea-blue mantle, her ruddy, golden hair making a bit of bright color beneath her neat hat to match. Lady Daleswater was pleased to approve of her probable future sister-in-law.

"You here, Miss Fraser?" she exclaimed. "This is quite a delightful surprise. I pictured you in Mountherry, enjoying yourself."

"I was compelled to come to London on business matters, and," she added, with a tiny sigh that did not escape Lady Daleswater's keen ears, "Mountherry is not particularly nice just now."

"Can you give me any news of my brother—is he really so dangerously hurt? Mamma is such an alarmist, you know?"

She assumed a sad, anxious look, although in reality she was not aware exactly how Jack was at that particular moment, and had never been very much frightened even at the verdict of the London doctors.

"I am afraid he is very ill," she said in a low voice.

Lady Daleswater did not seem much impressed.

"I hope you are not returning home immediately? No? Oh, that is delightful, and still more delightful that you should be staying here. You must come in and dine with me to-night. Mrs. Fraser is with you?"

She explained that her chaperone was her cousin, Mrs. Watson.

"We shall be in London for a little while," she said, "and I hope to see a great deal of you. Perhaps I may be able to prevail on you to come down to Daleswater House when I go back there. It will be very dull, my dear Sheila; but—"

But "my dear Sheila" would have gladly welcomed months of dullness to get to see her. Her spirits rose brilliantly, and she laid herself out to please Lady Daleswater.

Three days later the Earl of Daleswater arrived in London, and immediately, at his wife's instigation, went down to Mountherry to see how matters were. On the very same afternoon, as Sheila sat yawning over a novel by the fire, the door opened and Beverly Rochester was announced. She started up eagerly to greet him.

"Where have you been? I thought you were never coming back," she declared.

"I have been busy," he said. "I have not been wanting time, I assure you. You wonder what I am doing in London for, don't you? Well, I will tell you. I went down to see the last moments of Roderick Anstruther. Yes, it sounds curious, doesn't it? But fate for some strange reason brought this man to our rescue just when we needed him."

"How can he help us?" asked Sheila, incredulously, although her face was flushing with excitement. "More especially, if, as I understand you to infer, he is now dead?"

"You shall see, Miss Fraser. Anstruther met me out in Africa; he then went under another name. I always liked the man, there was something grim yet wonderful about him. When he found I was coming to England he gave me a packet of papers to bring to his lawyers; before delivering them I took the precaution of sounding these lawyers first, and as easily as possible I soon discovered that his companion's real name. Needless to say, I did not deliver the papers, more especially when I found that Anstruther was in England, and supposed to be dying—he had evidently found his end coming, and rushed over to see Mrs. Fraser before he died. I at once decided to seek him, and, of course, had to tell a few dozen lies or so to explain why I had done so. Fortunately, the man was too ill to protest or question much; all he asked, all he wanted, was to see Constance Fraser, and confess the truth of his treachery toward her and his brother."

"And you call this helping us, Mr. Rochester?"

"As Roderick is dead, and did not confess to Mrs. Fraser, I certainly do. To please him I drew up a sort of written statement, to which he managed to scrawl some definite and equally disagreeable words. Shall I tell you what it contains, Miss Fraser?"

She nodded her head.

"This is the last dying confession of Roderick Anstruther, in which he owns to having separated his brother from his wife for definite and equally disagreeable reasons. He confesses that his brother's child is the offspring of a secret marriage between himself and some country woman."

"And she is that really?" Sheila asked.

"No, certainly not. Audrey, according to her own definite and equally disagreeable confession, is the child of Frank and Constance Anstruther. You forget, I am reading what I wrote, not what Roderick Anstruther told me to write."

"Well," the girl said after this, as her brow cleared.

"My argument then goes on to will the whole of the dead man's fortune and possessions to this aforesaid child of his on one condition, viz., that she become my wife before six months elapse; if she refuses, she is to be placed once more in the Female Orphan Asylum till some definite and equally disagreeable abode is found for her. You will see that I have been very careful and very explicit, Miss Fraser. I have left nothing undone that can possibly help us."

"You forget, she may always refuse," Sheila said, gloomily. "This is not what I had expected."

"I am not so nervous of failure," Beverly returned. "Audrey will be a rich woman if she becomes my wife, and her lot will not be an enviable one if she refuses."

"There is Mrs. Fraser to be faced," she said.

"Mrs. Fraser will come to have a guardianship over the girl when this document is read."

"Who will be her guardian?" asked Sheila.

"I am left the one sole and entire guardian of Miss Audrey Anstruther. To decide him will, of course, explain to the lawyers a trifle more difficult; but it was soon done. When you peruse this paper carefully you will see that the reason Roderick Anstruther repeats such trust in me is because a few years ago I saved his life at the risk of my own, and because you are firm and never parted friends out in Africa together. I give myself great credit for those two lies."

Miss Fraser; they come in so neatly, and they carry the day, you see."

She looked at him quietly. She was much impressed, yet not quite satisfied.

"As you invented so quickly and easily, why did you not put in some clause about her being forbidden to marry any one but you?" she asked.

"The time was so brief; at any moment the lawyers might have come down. Considering all things, I have worked wonders. Remember, I am her sole and entire guardian, and I, for my part, do not fear success."

They were suddenly interrupted by a sharp knock at the door, the handle was turned, and Lady Daleswater swept in.

Her face was very white, her lips compressed and pale; in her hand was crumpled a telegram. She ran to meet her quickly.

"Dear Lady Daleswater, what is the matter?" she cried.

"This is from my husband. My brother John has deserted himself and his family. Instead of lying at the point of death, he has married my stepmother's supposed daughter. He has tied himself and his honorable name for life to a wretched charity girl!"

CHAPTER XIII.
If she lived to be a hundred years, Audrey would never forget that scene. Her mother had come back from Craighlands deeply moved and agitated; and the girl's great, sorrowful eyes had asked the question her frozen lips could not frame.

Constance Fraser had drawn the slender form to her waist without a word at first. Words, indeed, were scarce; but she was a strange thing that had happened; her brain reeled every now and then as it all came back to her. Constance Fraser kissed the sweet, quivering lips.

"Jack wants you; he wants you to stay with him always. Do you understand me, my darling?"

"He wants me to nurse him?" Audrey said simply, her every limb quivering with eagerness to be gone.

"To nurse, comfort and love him!" The mother's hand stroked back the soft locks. "Audrey, he has asked me to give you to him, as his nurse. Consider! A flood of color burned on each pale cheek, and then the girl paled ashen white again.

"As his wife?" she repeated, slowly; and then, more quickly, "Does he want me now?"

"As soon as every arrangement can be made, my dear Audrey. Does this frighten you, Audrey?"

"No," she said, almost inaudibly. "If he wishes it, that is right. I am glad!" Then, catching suddenly at the two slender hands held out to her, "Mother, can I see him soon?"

"You shall go to him to-morrow, my dear. It will not do to excite him now. The marriage ceremony will take place to-morrow, we hope. You, too, must rest and take care of yourself, my lily flower, my darling."

Audrey sat down in a stupor. She did not half realize what was going to happen; she only knew that in a few short hours she would see him again, her hero, her beloved; that was joy enough to daze her; she could not grasp the fullness of it all at once.

It was his hand that clasped hers, and it was his hand that held her face as he kissed her. Audrey could not see the pale, weak, clear face for a few minutes of tears that rose before her eyes. The girl suffered a great shock at sight of him she loved lying prostrate on his pillow, barely able to speak or to smile.

The duchess had kissed Audrey tenderly. "She is lovely! Perfectly beautiful!" she had said to Constance Fraser. "No wonder my poor boy loves her so deeply."

Mr. Thorngate read the service, and Mrs. Thorngate stood with the others round the bed.

Dr. Sentance was close at hand; he watched his patient anxiously. Certainly it almost looked as if the small figure of life must suddenly go out. The pulse was very weak, the heart's action uneven, yet the doctor knew that if human will could carry a much-desired point, Lord John Gleadwood would, with the latest breath, speak the words that made Audrey his wife.

In whispers, weak in voice, strong in purpose, John Gleadwood spoke his marriage vows.

Audrey repeated the words she was bid to utter in a dim, mechanical fashion. She woke for an instant, her eyes feeble hand tried to push the ring over the little finger, but after that she was conscious of nothing save that the face before her grew paler and paler, his hands weaker in their hold. As the rector pronounced the benediction, the duchess gave a cry.

"He is gone! He is dead! My Jack! My boy!"

The brisk, kind-hearted little doctor read the conditions in a moment.

"We must not have you fainting, too, Lady John," he said, sharply. "Come, hold the bottle to your husband's nose, and pass your hand over his forehead. I expect you to help me, you know. A great deal depends on you now. It is passing. Complete and utter exhaustion. Now, Lady John, I want you to kneel down, so that your husband can see you the first thing he opens his eyes."

Audrey obeyed. The faintest flicker of life was visible in the drawn, white face.

"Bend down and kiss him," commanded Dr. Sentance.

A flush spread over the girl's beautiful face. She did not hesitate; stooping, she pressed her forehead, sweet lips to those dry, parched ones. A low cry escaped the sick man.

"Audrey, it is you—no dream—my own darling!"

Dr. Sentance nodded his head again, and then he lifted Audrey from her knees.

"Now, Lady John," he said, authoritatively, "your duty is not nearly ended; you are to sit here and watch your husband. Don't let him speak, only now and then moisten his lips with a little of this liquid. Let him see you and know you are here. You will be the best doctor for him, after all."

So saying, Dr. Sentance moved out of the room, and beckoned Mrs. Thorngate to follow him.

"What?" she asked, breathlessly, once outside.

"I do not say for certain, but my belief is he will live," was the doctor's reply.

CHAPTER XIV.
All through the night and late into the following day, Audrey sat like a statue beside her husband's bed. Toward evening he had sunk into a deep, silent sleep.

"It will be his salvation," declared Dr. Sentance to the duchess and Constance Fraser, as they sat together in poor Lord John's room. "Nothing could be better."

"Oh, Dr. Sentance! Then there is really some hope?" cried the poor mother, her face lighting up into something like its former self.

Two days later the Earl of Daleswater came down to Mountherry unexpectedly. He was a plain, weak, inordinately conceited man, who was ruled entirely by his wife, and he held forth on the impropriety of this terrible marriage in a manner worthy of his wife herself.

"Now that you are quite finished, George," said the duchess coldly, "I think the best thing you can do is to return to London and Gladys as soon as possible."

"Am I to understand that you turn me out?" he asked furiously. "Do you forget who I am?"

"I think it is I who should ask that question, Lord Daleswater," the duchess replied, raising her head with dignity. "You have addressed me in a manner which I would never tolerate from my nearest relations. You have been pleased to pass comment on my actions, and vilify a young and lovely young girl who is my son's wife, and against whom neither you nor any one else can launch a single objection save that she has had an unhappy childhood, and that she is poor."

"This is from my husband. My brother John has deserted himself and his family. Instead of lying at the point of death, he has married my stepmother's supposed daughter. He has tied himself and his honorable name for life to a wretched charity girl!"

The duchess made no sign while her son-in-law ran on in his infuriated and insolent manner, but as the door opened and he came to an abrupt end, she turned on him.

"The carriage is ready, Lord Daleswater; you have really no more to lose."

Lord Daleswater's brows turned purple with suppressed fury; rage, insults rushed to his lips; but somehow the sight of the tall, commanding woman, regal in bearing and dignity, and the quick sense that she had conquered him, carried the moment without a word or sign; he turned and strode into the room.

(To be continued.)

BLUE FLOWERS OF THE ANDES.
How Pretty Girls Sell the Blossoms to Mountherry.

Some of the smaller of the railroad towns of Chili are well worth braving a trip by the slow train to see. There is one I remember in particular, situated near the summit of the divide between the valleys of the Maipo and the Lial Lial, where the great mountain blue flowers and the little Andean deer are brought down.

The strangely beautiful blue flower of the Cordillera blossoms only for a few weeks in the spring, at which time it is gathered high up at the snow line by the lithesome village maidens and brought down to the train to sell. The petals, blue as the sky, are as delicate, soft and pliable as the palm of a fine kid glove, and resist tearing almost as strongly. If a petal is twisted and wrung between the fingers it exudes a drop of liquid possessing a most powerful and penetrating, but thoroughly pleasing odor. This juice is as strong as a flavoring extract, and a drop of it will give a perceptible taste to a gallon of water, from which arises a practice in witchery by the wily mountain maids.

They wait until you are finishing your breakfast, when one slips up to your side and holds a big bunch of flowers for you to bury your face in by way of sampling, while another executes a flank movement on your unprotected side and drops some bruised petals into your coffee. When your face comes out of the flowers and you begin to sip your coffee, they both laugh and clap their hands and tell you not to be angry, as it is only a "costumbre del pueblo"—a custom of the village. Of course, you are not angry; and if you are not pretty mean, you are sure to buy blue flowers from them on till train time at prices as lofty as their habitat. This blue flower craze doesn't hold you long, but while it lasts it would be cheaper to be an orchid farmer.

It is much cheaper, in fact, far more satisfactory in the long run, to buy deer than blue flowers; the deer you can ship in the baggage car, while the blue flowers require personal attention. And even if you do enter Valparaiso with the deer in your arms your friends will not ask you if you were drugged into buying it. That's the trouble with the blue flowers—every one knows where you got them, and from whom you got them. They don't know how much it cost you to get them, except that it was a lot more than they are worth.—Los Angeles Times.

Pathetic Plea Not Lost.
Governor Folk once told of a lawyer in Arkansas who was defending a young man of malodorous record. Ignoring the record, however, the counsel proceeded to draw a harrowing picture of the white-haired, aged father in St. Louis, awaiting anxiously the return of the prodigal son to spend the Christmas holidays with him. "Have you the hours," declared the lawyer to the jury, "to deprive the poor old man of this happiness?"

The jury, however, found the prisoner guilty. Before passing sentence the judge called for the prisoner's jail record and after a careful examination of the same he blandly observed:

"I find that this prisoner has some five previous convictions against him. Nevertheless, I am happy to state that the learned counsel's appeal will not remain unanswered, for I shall commit the prisoner to the Little Rock jail, where, at the present moment, his aged parent is serving a term of ten years, so that father and son will be enabled to pass the ensuing Christmas under one roof."

Writing Vistas.
Mayne—I made an election bet with Jack, and I won.

Edyth—Did he pay up?

Mayne—Yes, indeed. He paid double.

Edyth—Foolish boy!

Mayne—Oh, I don't know. We bet kisses.

Machine Made.
"What do political machines manufacture, pay?"

"Bolts, Bobby."—Kansas City Times.

LEGAL INFORMATION.

The last Minnesota legislature re-enacted the "spite fence" law which was repealed by the 1905 Revised Laws. It provides that "any fence or other structure maliciously erected or maintained for the purpose of annoying the owners or occupants of adjoining property shall be deemed a private nuisance," etc.

The last Minnesota legislature provided for filing a lien upon horses, etc., for shoeing, within six months after such shoeing. It does not seem that such a lien would be of much benefit to the blacksmith, as the most likely action to foreclose the lien within the next six months. The cost of enforcing the lien would be more than its amount in most cases.

A homestead of 80 acres (on which the owner lives) is exempt from sale on execution and may be mortgaged or sold free from any judgment recovered while same was a homestead. As to a government homestead, the U. S. homestead law provides that the land acquired under the provisions of the homestead act shall in any event become liable to the satisfaction of any debt contracted prior to the issuing of the patent therefor.

"I hired out to a man to work on a farm and I worked six months of \$22 per month. He paid me \$20 and I sued him and got judgment, but now find that he does not own the farm or any of the property, but that his wife owns the farm and that he was working for her. Can I collect pay from her?"

Ans.—Yes, if you did not know that the husband was acting as agent for his wife until after you got your judgment. Of course if you knew that the husband was acting as agent and not for himself when you sued him, you elected to hold him instead of her, and cannot now change.

"Can a single person who has not lived on his claim steady, has had to be off to earn a living, but who lived on it the last eight months, when he comes to make final proof, if it is not satisfactory, can he prove up by paying \$1.25 per acre, or what would he have to do?"

Ans.—He would better consult a local lawyer to whom he can state all the facts. We think he could not commute at \$1.25 per acre, but it is possible he could. If any one should contest such a claim he would probably be successful.

SNAKE FIGHTERS IN INDIA.
Great Loss of Life Caused by These Poisonous Reptiles.

Last year the number of men, women and children who met a terrible death in India from the bite of poisonous snakes amounted to 25,837. Besides this there were about 4,500 killed by wild animals—chiefly tigers; to say nothing about 60,000 cattle. Every conceivable measure has been taken to mitigate this appalling annual destruction, but with little avail.

The venomous snakes of India, most destructive of life may be placed in the following order: First of all comes the deadly cobra, responsible for nearly nine-tenths of the fatalities, and then the krait, kuppur, Russell's viper, the hamandras, and Rajamp.

The water snakes kill a good many, as we shall see, but they are comparatively rare. A regular organized warfare is waged upon India's myriads of reptiles, and in each district a regular head tax is paid upon each cobra and other snakes killed.

Last year the number of snakes destroyed was 762,221, for which rewards amounting to nearly 50,000 rupees were paid. The greatest destruction of life appears to have been in Bengal, where 11,131 people were killed and nearly 1,000 cattle. In this province alone 55,064 poisonous snakes were destroyed.

The officials charged with this curious work were scattered over the whole vast area, from the Himalayas to southern Madras, including Bombay provinces, the Northwest provinces and Oudh, the Punjab, Central provinces, Burma, Assam, Hyderabad and others.—Technical World Magazine.

He Was Too Sure.
Herbert Parsons, president of the New York County Republican Committee, was talking in Albany against self-confidence in politics.

"To win," he said, "a man should never be sure of winning. Confidence and boasting, to my mind, always imply defeat. I'll tell you a story."

A man came shooting from a brightly lighted window one night and landed with a crash on the sidewalk.

"It's all right," he said to the crowd that had gathered, as he stiffly rose. "That's my club, the Eighth Precinct. I'm a Smith man, and there's ten Jones men in there. I'm going back to them. You stay here and count them as they come out of that window."

"He limped back into the club. There was a great uproar. Then a figure crashed through the window and struck the sidewalk with a grunt.

"That's one," said the crowd.

"No," said the figure, rising. "Don't start counting yet. It's my agate."

Don't Know It All.
"What do you study at school, my little man?"

"I am studying the history of France, sir."

"Indeed. What can you tell me about Charlemagne?"

"Oh, sir, we have only got as far as Adam and Eve."—Paris Journal.

Perfectly Proper.
"I'd like to have your check for that midnight supper I served at your house last month," said the caterer.

"You'll have to wait," replied the victim, "until I get my doctor's bill for curing me of indigestion. I propose to deduct that from your bill."—Philadelphia Press.

His Proper Place.
"That lawyer, I declare, is a regular shark."

"Well, I should say, he belongs more to the fee-bus species."—Baltimore American.

No, Alonzo, a man who kills time isn't necessarily lazy, but he is just as good.

OLD Favorites

The Adopted Child.

Why wouldst thou leave me, Oh, gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild.
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall;
Mine is a fair and a pillared hall.
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of pictures forever streams.

—Boy—
Oh, green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long, bright hours of the summer day;
They find the red cupmoss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme.
And the rocks where the heathflower blooms they know;
Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go!

—Lady—
Content thee, boy, in my bowyer to dwell,
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well.
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
And the silvery wood note of many a bird.
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard.

—Boy—
My mother sings at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills, far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree
To the babe half-slumbering on her knee:
I dreamed last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go!

—Lady—
Thy mother bath gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou wouldst meet her footsteps, my boy, no more.

Nor hear her song at the cabin door;
Come thou with me to the vineyard's high
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye.

—Boy—
Is my mother gone from her home away?
But I know that my brothers are there at play.
I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well.
Oh, they launch their boats where the bright streams flow,
Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go!

—Lady—
Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy banks were tried;
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot.

—Boy—
Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?
But the bird and the blue fly rove o'er it still,
And the red deer bound in their gladness free,
And the lark is bent by the singing breeze,
And the waters leap and the fresh winds blow—
Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go!
—Felicita Hemans.

FRANKLIN'S KITE.
The Philosopher's Famous Experiment as Described by Himself.

The famous kite experiment is described by Franklin in a letter dated Oct. 19, 1752: "Make a small cross of light sticks of cedar, the arms so long as to reach to the four corners of a large, thin silk handkerchief when extended. Tie the corners of the handkerchief to the extremities of the cross, so you have the body of a kite, which, being properly accommodated with a tail, loop and string, will rise in the air like those made of paper, but being made of silk is better fitted to bear the wet and wind of a thunder gust without tearing. To the top of the upright stick of the cross is to be fixed a very sharp pointed wire rising a foot or more above the wood. To the end of the twine next the hand is to be tied a silk ribbon, and where the silk and twine join a key may be fastened. This kite is to be raised when a thunder gust appears to be coming on, and the person who holds the string must stand within a door or window or under some cover so that the silk ribbon may not be wet and care must be taken that the twine does not touch the frame of the door or window. As soon as the thunderclouds come over the kite the pointed wire will draw the electric fire from them and the kite, with all the twine, will be electrified and stand out every way and be attracted by an approaching finger. And when the rain has wet the kite and twine you will find the electric fire stream out plentifully from the key on the approach of your knuckle."

AWFUL EFFECT OF ECZEMA.
Covered with Yellow Scabs—Grew Worse—Parents Discouraged—Doctors Drove Sores Away.

"Our little girl, one year and a half old, was taken with eczema or that was what the doctor called it. We took her to three doctors, but this time she was nothing but a yellow, greenish sore. One morning we discovered a little yellow pimple on one of her eyes. Doctor No. 3 said that we had better take her to some eye specialist, since it was an ulcer. So we went to Oswego to Doctor No. 4, and he said the eyesight was gone. We were nearly discouraged, but I thought we would try the Cuticura Treatment, so I purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies, which cost me \$1. and in three days of treatment, who had been sick about eight months, showed great improvement, and in one week all sores had disappeared. Of course it could not restore the eyesight, but if we had used Cuticura in time I am confident that it would have saved the eyes. Mrs. Frank Abbott, R. F. D. No. 9, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y., Aug. 17, 1906."

Should Label Them.
The envied man made pictures of animals now extinct.

"That's nothing; my daughter who has studied art abroad makes pictures of animals which never existed."—Houston Post.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething: softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures colic, and keeps the baby comfortable.

Lateness of Spring Overcome by Excellent Growing Summer Season.
Once more the farmers of Western Canada rest at ease and grow rich while they slumber. Their season of anxiety is over. For a time it looked as though the backward season was for once going to prevent the western country from maintaining its pre-eminent position as leader of the grain growing countries of the world. The unusual lateness of the spring, coupled with the rapid advance in the price of food-stuffs, gave the pessimists some reason for their gloomy forebodings and among even the optimistic Westerners imbued, as they usually are, with a spirit of buoyancy and hope, there commenced to glimmer a fear that perhaps this year their sanguine expectations were not to be realized. On May day, when a large proportion of wheat has usually been sown, there was this year very little seedling done. Finally, however, winter, which had tarried so late in the lap of spring in all parts of the Continent vanished before the vertical rays of the sun, and the burry and bustle of spring commenced on the western prairies.

By the 20th of May 85 per cent of the spring wheat was sown and the fall wheat in the districts devoted to its cultivation was covering the fields with a mantle of green. Wheat sowing finished on May 30th, and by June 10th, the coarser grains were also in the ground. The heavy snowfall during the winter left the ground in excellent shape when once seeding operations commenced, and from the time weather conditions permitted the commencement of work until planting was completed, the farmers were a busy class. The area in wheat is not much larger than last year but oats, barley and flax are much in excess of past records, the farmers deeming it wiser on account of the lateness of the season to put in a heavier proportion of the coarser grains. From the most reliable reports to hand it appears that the acreage as compared with 1906 will show an increase of 12 per cent in oats, 19 per cent in barley and 13 per cent in flax.

Around Okotoks, High River, Nanton, Claresholm and other winter wheat centers, if the present weather conditions continue, the winter wheat will be in head by the middle of July. The backward weather in the early part of May allowed the newly-sown grain to get a firm root in the ground and now, with an abundance of moisture and warm weather, the growth is remarkable. All danger of injury from droughts is practically over, as the green crop covers the ground, retaining the moisture required for its growth, and preventing the too rapid evaporation which might otherwise take place.

Crops in Western Canada mature in one hundred days of good weather, and as the weather conditions have been ideal since seeding, and with spring wheat now from 14 to 18 inches above the ground, a full average crop is confidently expected.

In addition to the cheering prospects of this year's yield the farmers are to be congratulated on the fact that they still have in their possession five million bushels of wheat from last year's crop which they are now disposing of at high prices.

The splendid yield of 90,000,000 bushels of wheat raised in 1906 in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, together with the almost certain assurance that this year will see a considerable increase, is, as in the past, calling the attention of the world to the "Last Best West," and thousands from United States and the agricultural districts of Europe are each month securing free grant lands or purchasing lands in the land which has proved itself peerless among grain growing countries of the world.

Papa Was Absent Minded.
A young bridegroom after the wedding was all over and the bride's old father had gone off to the club began to search anxiously among the wedding gifts.

"What are you looking for, dear?" said the bride.

"That \$2,500 check of your father's," he said anxiously. "I don't see it anywhere."

"Poor papa is so absent minded," said the bride. "He lit his cigar with it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Keeping Up Appearances.
The tall man in the suit of faded black went into the first class restaurant and seated himself at a table in a far corner.

Lingering there a minute or two he rose stiffly and went to the cashier's desk.

"If a gentleman can't be waited on promptly in this place," he said, with a frown, "there are plenty of other places."

Then he strolled leisurely out, picking his teeth and presently seated his way unobtrusively to the 5-cent lunch counter around the corner.

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